

The Bee.

A COLLECTION O F CHOICE POEMS.

Part I.

Κενθ Αυτη ἐνόησε πολυτρήτων σίχα σίμβλων
πλαζομένης δ' ἔισισεν ἐρήμαδθεργα Μελίσσης
ἵτις, ἐσω λειμῶνθ, ἀσταυδεθ Αυδεθ Αυδθ Αμείβεται
εἰς φυῖδν ἀγλαόκαρπον ἐφισταμένη ὃ κορύμβοις,
χείλεσιν ἀκεφάτοισιν ἀμέλεται Ακεφν Εέρσης.

Nonnus. Dionysiac. l. 5. v. 242.



L O N D O N .

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Temple-Bar. MDCCXV.

COLLECTION





T O

Thomas Tyrwhitt Esq;

SIR,

A

After a stretch of severer Studies, I generally unbend my mind with the gentler Amusements of fancy, by which means, without loss of time, I have wander'd through a world of Poëtry. For my own entertainment in vacant hours, I cull'd out the Choicest Poëms; and, to make 'em more commodious for use, I purpose to Print 'em. if the Publishing 'em prove a pleasure to Others, 'twill double my satisfaction; if not, I shan't be disappointed. My Collections from French, Italian, and Spanish poëts, will come within a small compass: they are generally so feeble and insipid, or so swoln and unnatural, but the Greek, Latin, and British bards abound

23 June 13 P.M. U.R.W.

IV. The DEDICATION.

with delicacies, that will furnish out many such entertainments as this, and not only give a poignant pleasure on first tasting; but, instead of cloying, charm in the repetition. This First part, in compliance with the caprice of the Many, I have mostly furnish'd from Celebrated writers: but, hereafter, I shall judge it more Meritorious to bring to light the Obscure; who, in good company, will shine as illustrious as their neighbors. I have dispos'd the poems Alphabetically, that, by the Order of the Titles, they may more easily occur; and, by the Confusion of the Subjects, more effectually entertain. There are none, that I have prepar'd, but suit some posture of my mind; and several please me in any humor: which makes me hope, that, tho' every body approve not all, yet most will like many of 'em. To Recommend 'em most advantagiously to Others, I Dedicate 'em to You. Your Name will raise such agreeable ideas in the minds of your Acquaintance, as will infallibly tune 'em into a temper to be pleas'd: and, in a little time, Every body will applaud my choice; that generous benevolence, that glows in Your Breast, and refreshes Your Friends, shall, in spite of your modesty, blaze out in the service of Your Country; and display those excellent accomplishments, that render you as desirable to the Men; as the elegance of your make and mien, with the charms of your conversation, show you lovely to the Ladies.



T H E
A M U S E M E N T

Strephon. Why weeps my *Sylvia*, prithee why ?
Sylvia. To think my *Strephon* once must die,
to think, withall, poor *Sylvia* may,
when he's remov'd, be doom'd to stay.

Streph. Nymph, you're too lavish of your tears,
to wast them on fantastic fears.

Sylvia. No : for, when I this life resign,
(if fate prolong the date of thine)
the tears, you'll give my funeral,
will pay me interest, stock, and all.

Streph. Not so : for, shou'd this setting light
ne'er rise again in *Sylvia*'s sight,
without a tear in mine, I'd view
her dying eyes.

Sylvia. 'Tis false.

Streph. 'Tis true.

Sylvia. Not weep, false shepherd ? swear--

Streph. I swear
I wou'd not give thy hearse a tear.

Sylvia. Break, swelling heart ! perfidious man !
can you be serious ? swear again ;
yes, swear by *Ceres*, and by *Pan*.

Streph. Let, then, great *Pan*, and *Ceres* hear,
and punish, if I falsely swear.

Sylvia. Gods ! can ye hear this, and forgive ?
you may : for I have heard, and live !

Streph. Rage not, rash nymph ; for I've decreed,
when *Sylvia* dies,

Sylvia. Speak, what ?

Streph. To bleed :
B I'll

I'll drain the life-blood from my heart :
but no cheap tear shall dare to start.

Sylvia. Kind Shepherd, cou'd you life despise ?
and bleed at *Sylvia's* obsequies ?

Streph. To *Ceres* I appeal ; for the
knows this has long been my decree.

Sylvia. Since then you cou'd your vow fulfil ;
swear, swear once more, You never will.

Tate, ap. Poems. p. 34.

The Cheerful Heart. *Brome.*

Whit tho' these ill times do go cross to our will ?
and fortune still frowns upon us ?
our hearts are our own, and they shall be so still ;
a pin for the plagues they lay on us.

let us take t'other cup,
to keep our hearts up ;
and let it be purest *canary* :
we'll ne'er shrink, or care,
for the crosses we bear ;
let 'em plague us, until they be weary.

2.
What tho' we are made, both beggars, and slaves ;
let us stoutly endure it, and drink on :
tis our comfort we suffer, 'cause we will not be knaves ;
our redemption will come, ere we think can't.
we must flatter, and fear
those, that over us are ;
and make 'em believe that we love 'em :
when their tyranny's past,
we will serve them at last,
as they ha' serv'd those, were above 'em.

3.
The *Levites* do preach, for the goose, and the pig,
to drink wine, but at *Christmas*, and *Easter* ;
the *Doctor* doth labour our lives to new-trig ;
and makes nature to fast, but we feast her :
the *Lawyer* doth bawl
out his lungs, and his gall,

or

for the plaintiff, and for the defendant:

at books the Scholar lies,

till by *status* he dies,

[Hypochondriacus]

with the ugly hard word at the end on't.

30

4

But here's to the Man, that delights in *sol-fa*;

'tis *sack* is his only rosin:

a load of *heigh-bo's* isn't worth a *ha-ha*:

he's the man for my money that draws in.

come a pin for this muck;

and a fig for ill luck:

'tis better be blythe, and frolick;

than to sigh out our breath,

and invite our own death,

by the gout, or the stone, and the cholick.

35

40

Brome. ap. Poems. part 2. song 31. p. 104.

Colin's Pastoral.

X My time, O ye *Muses*, was happily spent,
when *Pheebe* went with me, wherever I went:
ten thousand sweet pleasures I felt in my breast;
sure never fond shepherd, like *Colin*, was blest!
but now she is gone, and has left me behind;
what a marvelous change, on a sudden, I find?
when things were as fine, as could possibly be,
I thought 'twas the *spring*; but, alas! it was *she*.

5

2

With such a companion, to tend a few sheep,
to rise up and play, or to lie down and sleep,
I was so good humour'd, so cheerful and gay;
my *heart* was as light as a feather, all day:
but now I so cross, and so peevish am grown;
so strangely uneasy, as never was known.
my fair one is gone, and my joys are all drown'd,
and my heart---I'm sure it weighs more than a pound

30

35

3

The *fountain*, that wont to run sweetly along,
and dance to soft murmurs, the pebbles among,

B 2

thus

4

Colin's Pastoral.

thou know'ft, little *Cupid*, if *Phoebe* was there,
 'twas pleasure to look at, 'twas musick to hear:
 but now she is absent, I walk by its side,
 and still, as it murmur'd, do nothing but chide.
 must you be so cheerful, while I go in pain ?
 peace there with your babbling, and hear me complain.

4

When my *Lambkins* around me woud oftentimes play, 25
 and, when *Phoebe*, and I, were as joyfull as they ;
 how pleasant their sporting, how happy the time,
 when spring, love, and beauty, were all in their prime ?
 but now, in their frolics, when by me they pass,
 I fling at their fleeces a handfull of grass : 30
 be still then, I cry ; for it makes me quite mad,
 to see you so merry, while I am so sad.

5

My *dog* I was ever well pleased to see
 come wagging his tail to my Fair one, and Me ;
 and *Phoebe* was pleas'd too ; and to my dog said, 35
 come hither, *poor fellow*--- and patted his head.
 but now, when he's fawning, I, with a sour look,
 cry *furrab*--- and give him a blow with my crook :
 and I'll give him another ; for why shou'd not *Tray*
 be as dull as his *Master*, when *Phoebe*'s away ? 40

6

When walking with *Phoebe*, what sights have I seen ?
 how fair was the flower, how fresh was the green ?
 what a lovely appearance the trees, and the shade,
 the corn-fields, and hedges, and ev'ry thing made ?
 but now she has left me, tho' all are still there, 45
 they none of 'em now so delightfull appear :
 'twas nought but the magick, I find, of her eyes,
 made so many beautifull prospects arise.

7

Sweet *musick* went with us both, all the wood thro',
 the lark, linnet, throstle, and nightingale too ;
 winds over us whisper'd ; flocks by us did bleat ;
 and chirp went the grasshopper under our feet.
 but now she is absent, tho' still they sing on , 50
 the woods are but lonely, the melody's gone :

her

Colin's Pastoral.

5

her voice in the consort, as now I have found,
gave ev'ry thing else its agreeable sound.

55

8

Rose, what is become of thy delicate hue ?
and where is the violet's beautiful blue ?
does aught, of its sweetness, the blossom beguile ?
that meadow, those daisies, why do they not smile ?
ah ! rivals, I see what it was that you dreft,
and made your selves fine for, a place in her breast :
you put on your colours, to pleasure her eye ;
to be pluckt by her hand ; on her bosom to die.

60

9

How slowly time creeps, till my Phoebe return ?
while, amidst the soft zephyr's cool breezes, I burn :
methinks, if I knew whereabouts he would tread,
I cou'd breathe on his wings, and 'twou'd melt down the lead.
fly swifter, ye minutes, bring hither my dear ;
and rest so much longer for't, when she is here.
ah, Colin ! old time is full of delay ;
nor will budge one foot faster, for all thou canst say.

65

10

Will no pitying power, that hears me complain,
or cure my disquiet, or soften my pain ?
to be cur'd, thou must, Colin, thy passion remove :
but what swain is so silly to live without love !
no : Deity, bid the dear nymph to return ;
for ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.
ah ! what shall I do ? I shall die with despair.
Take heed, all ye swains, how you love one so fair.

75

ap. *Spectator*. Vol. 8. n. 604.

Rowe.

Colin's Complaint.

X Despairing, besides a clear stream,
a shepherd forsaken was laid ;
and, whilst a false nymph was his theme,
a willow supported his head.

The winds, that blew over the plain,
to his sighs, with a sigh, did reply ;

B 3

5

and

and the brooks, in return of his pain,
ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas ! silly swain that I was !
thus sad'ly complaining, he cry'd : 10
when first I beheld her fair face,
'twere better, by far, I had dy'd.

She talk'd, and I blest'd the dear tongue ;
when she smil'd, 'twas a pleasure too great ;
I listned, and cry'd, when she sung, 15
was nightingale ever so sweet ?

Cou'd I think that a beauty, so gay,
so kind, and so constant wou'd prove ,
to go clad like our maidens in gray,
and live in a cottage on love. 20

What though I have skill to complain ?
tho' the Muses my temples have crown'd ?
what though, when they hear my soft strain ,
the Virgins fit weeping around ?

Ah ! Colin, thy hopes are in vain ;
thy pipe and thy laurel resign : 25
thy False one inclines to a swain ;
whose musick is sweeter than thine.

And you, my companions so dear ,
who sorrow to see me betray'd ; 30
whatever I suffer, forbear ,
forbear to accuse the false maid.

Tho' thro' the wide world we shou'd range ;
'tis in vain from our fortunes to fly :
'twas hers to be false, and to change ; 35
'tis mine to be constant, and die.

If, whilst my hard fate I sustain ,
in her breast any pity is found ;

Rowe. *Colin's Complaint.*

7

let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
and see me laid down in the ground.

42

11

The last humble boon that I crave,
is to shade me with cypress, and yew;
and, when she looks down on my grave,
let her own that her shepherd was true.

12

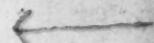
Then, to her new love may she go,
and deck in her golden array;
be finest at e'ry fine show,
and frolick it all the long day.

13

Whilst *Colin*, forgotten, and gone,
no more shall be heard of, or seen;
unless, when beneath the pale moon,
his ghost shall glide over the green.

Rowe. ap. *Poems and Translations, by several Hands.* Pemberton. 1714. p. 88.

Gay. *Country-Dames.*



From rip'ning Hay diffusive odors rise ;
which breathing zephyrs bear throughout the skies.
but if some sign portend a lasting shower ;
th' observing swain foresees th' approaching hour :
and strait, in hast, the scatt'ring fork forsakes ;
and cleanly damsels ply the saving rakes.
in rising hills the fragrant harvest grows ;
and spreads throughout the plain, in equal rows.

What happiness the *Rural Maid* attends,
in chearfull labor while each day she spends !
she gratefully receives what heaven has sent ;
and, rich in poverty, enjoys content :
upon her cheek a pure vermilion glows ;
and all her beauty she to nature owes :
(such happiness, and such a constant frame,
ne'er glads the bosom of the *Courtly Dame*)
she never feels the spleen's imagin'd pains ;
nor melancholy stagnates in her veins :

she

she never loses life in thoughtless ease ;
nor, on a downy couch, invites disease :
her dress in a clean simple neatness lies ;
no glaring equipage excites her sighs :
her reputation, which she values most,
is ne'er, in a malicious visit, lost :
no midnight masquerade her beauty wears ;
and health, not paint, the fading bloom repairs :
if love's soft passion in her bosom reign ;
she meets returns in an obliging swain :
domestick broils do ne'er her peace controul ;
nor watchfull jealousy torments her soul :
with secret joy, she sees her little race
hang on her breast, and her small cottage grace :
Thus flow her peaceful hours, unknown to strife,
till age unwinds the latest thread of life.

Gay. ap. Rural Sports. p. 10.

The Court of Venus. Eusden.

In the fam'd Cyprian isle a mountain stands ;
that casts a shadow into distant lands.
in vain access by human feet is try'd.
its lofty brow looks down, with noble pride,
on bounteous Nile, thro' seven wide channels spread ;
and sees old Proteus in his oozy bed. 5
along its sides, no hoary frosts presume
to blast the myrtle shrubs, or nip the bloom.
the winds, with caution, sweep the rising flow'rs ;
while balmy dews descend, and vernal show'rs.
the ruling orbs no wintry horrors bring, 10
fixt in th' indulgence of eternal spring.
unfading sweets, in purple scenes, appear ;
and genial breezes soften all the year.
the nice, luxurious soul, unclay'd, may rove ;
from pleasures still to circling pleasures move : 15
for endless beauty kindles endless love.

The

The mountain, when the summit once you gain,
falls by degrees, and sinks into a plain :
where the pleas'd eye may flow'ry Meads behold, 20
enclos'd with branching oar, and hedg'd with gold :
or where large crops the generous Glebe supplies ;
and yellow harvests, unprovok'd, arise.
for, by mild zephyrs fann'd, the teeming soil
yields ev'ry grain ; nor asks the peasants toil. 25
These were the bribes, the price of heavenly charms ;
these *Cytherea* won to *Vulcan's* arms :
for such a bliss, he such a gift bestow'd ;
the rich, th'immortal labors of a God.

A *sylvan* scene, in solemn state display'd, 30
flatters each feather'd warbler with a shade :
but here no bird its painted wings can move,
unless elected by the *Queen of Love* :
ere made a member of this tuneful throng,
she hears the songster, and approves the song. 35
the joyous visitors hop from spray to spray ;
the vanquish'd fly, with mournfull notes, away.

Branches, in branches twin'd, compose the *grove* ;
and shoot, and spread, and blossom into *Love*.
the trembling Palms their mutual vow's repeat ; 40
and bending Poplars, bending Poplars meet.
the distant Platanes seem to press more nigh ;
and to the sighing Alder, Alders sigh.
blue Heavens above them smile ; and, all below,
two murmur'ring Streams, in wild meanders, flow : 45
this, mixt with Gall ; and, that, like Honey, sweet :
but, ah ! too soon th' unfriendly waters meet.
steep'd in these springs (if verse belief can gain)
the *Darts of Love* their double power attain
hence all mankind a Bitter-Sweet have found, 50
a painful pleasure, and a grateful wound.

Along the graffy banks, in bright array,
ten thousand little *Loves* their wings display.
quivers, and bows, their usual Sport proclaim ;
their dress, their stature, and their looks the same : 55

smiling

smiling in innocence ; and ever young ;
and tender, as the *Nymphs*, from whom they sprung.
for *Venus* did but boast one only Son ;
and rosie *Cupid* was that boasted one.

he, uncontroll'd, thro' heaven takes his sway ; 60
and Gods, and Goddesses, by turns, obey.
or if he stoops on earth, great Princes burn ;
sicken on thrones ; and, wreath'd with laurels, mourn.
th' Inferior Powers o'er Hearts Inferior reign ;
and pierce the rural fair, or homely swain. 65

Here *Love's* imperial Pow'r is spread around :
voluptuous Liberty, that knows no bound ;
and sudden storms of Wrath, which soon decline ;
and midnight Watching o'er the fumes of wine ;
unartfull Tears ; and Hectic looks, that show, 70
with silent eloquence, the lover's woe :
Boldnes, unfledg'd, and to stoln raptures new,
half trembling stands, and scarcely dares pursue :
Fears, that delight ; and anxious Doubts of joy,
which check our swelling hopes, but not destroy : 75
and short breath'd Vows, forgot, as soon as made,
on airy pinions, flutter thro' the glade :
Youth, with a haughty look, and gay attire,
and rolling eyes, that glow with soft desire,
shines forth, exalted on a pompous seat ; 80
while fullen Cares, and wither'd Age, retreat.

Now, from afar, the *palace* seems to blaze ;
and hither wou'd extend its golden rays ;
but, by reflection of the Grove, is seen
the Gold, still vary'd by a waving Green. 85
for *Mulciber*, with secret pride, beheld
how far his skill all human wit excell'd ;
and, grown uxorious, did the work designto speak the artist, and the art, Divine.

proud Columns, tow'ring high, support the frame ; 90
that, hewn from Hyacinthian quarries, came :
the Beams are Em'ralds ; and yet scarce adorn
the Rubie Walls, on which themselves are born :
the

Eusden. *Court of Venus.*

II

the Pavement, rich with veins of Agate, lies ;
and Steps, with shining Jaspers slipp'ry, rise.

95

Here Spices, in *parterres*, promiscuous, blow,
nor from *Arabia's* fields more odors flow.
the wanton winds thro' groves of *Cassia* play ;
and steal the ripen'd fragrances away.

here, with its load the mild *Amomum* bends ;
there, *Cinnamon*, in rival sweets, contends,
a rich perfume the ravish'd senses fills ;
while from the weeping tree the *Balm* distills.

100

At these delightful bow'rs arrives, at last,
the God of Love, a tedious journey past :
then shapes his way to reach the fronting gate ;
doubles his majesty, and walks in state.

105

it chanc'd, upon a radiant throne reclin'd,
Venus her golden tresses did unbind :
proud to be thus employ'd, on either hand,
th' *Idalian* sisters, rang'd in order, stand.
ambrosial Essence one bestows in show'rs ;
and, lavishly, whole streams of Nectar pours :
with ivory Combs another's dextrous care
or curls, or opens the dishevel'd Hair :

110

a third, industrious, with a nicer eye,
instructs the ringlets in what form to lie ;
yet leaves some few, that, not so closely prest,
sport in the wind, and wanton from the rest.
sweet negligence, by artful study wrought !

115

a gracefull error, and a lovely fault !
the judgment of the Glass is here unknown :
there Mirrors are supply'd by ev'ry Stone.
where'er the Goddess turns, her image falls ;
and a new *Venus* dances on the walls.

120

now, while she did her spotless form survey,
pleas'd with Love's empire, and almighty sway,
she spy'd her Son ; and, fir'd with eager joy,
sprung forwards, and embrac'd the fav'rite Boy.

125

Eusden. from Claudian. de Nupt. Honor. v. 49.
ap. Steel's Miscell. Poems p. 97.

*To his Coy Mistress.**Marvell.*

Had we but world enough, and time;
this Coyneſs, *Lady*, were no crime.
we wou'd fit down, and think which way
to walk, and paſſ our long Love's-day.
thou, by the *Indian Ganges'* fide, 5
ſhou'dſt rubies find; I, by the tide
of *Humber*, wou'd complain; I wou'd
love you ten years before the Flood,
and you ſhou'd, if you pleas'd, refuſe,
till the Conversion of the Jews.

My vegetable love ſhou'd grow,
vaſter than empires, and more flow:
a hundred years ſhould go to praife
thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze; 15
two hundred to adore each breast;
bat thirty thouſand to the reſt:
an age, at leaſt, to every part;
and the laſt age ſhould show your heart:
for, *Lady*, you deſerve this ſtate; 20
nor wou'd I love at lower rate.

But, at my back, I always hear
Time's winged chariot hurrying near:
and yonder, all before us, lye
Desarts of vaſt Eternity.
thy beauty ſhall no more be found; 25
nor, in the marble vault, ſhall found
my echoing ſong: then, worms ſhall try
that long preſerv'd virginity:
and your quaint honour turn to dufi;
and into ashes all my luſt. 30
the grave's a fine and private place:
but none, I think, do there embracē.

Now therefore, while the youthfull hue
ſits on thy ſkin, like morning dew;
and while thy willing ſoul transpires,
at every pore, with iſtant fires:

now

now let us sport us, while we may ;
and now, like amorous birds of prey,
rather, at once, our time devour,
than languish in his slow-chapt' pow'r : 40
let us roll all our strength, and all
our sweetness, up into one ball ;
and tear our p'asures, with rough strife,
thorough the iron gates of life.
thus, though we cannot make our sun
stand still, yet we will make him run. 45

Marvell. ap. Misc. Poëms. p. 19.

Watts: The Day of Judgment.

When the fierce Northwind, with his airy forces,
rears up the *Baltic* to a foaming fury ;
and the red Lightning, with a storm of Hail, comes
rushing amain down :
how the poor Sailors stand amaz'd, and tremble ! 5
while the hoarse Thunder, like a bloody trumpet,
roars a loud onset to the gaping waters,
quick to devour them.
Such shall the noise be, and the wild disorder ;
(if things eternal may be like these earthly) 10
such the dire terror, when the great Archangel
shakes the creation ;
tears the strong pillars of the vault of heaven ;
breaks up old marble, the repose of princes :
See the graves open ! and the bones arising, 15
flames all around 'em !
Hark, the shrill outcries of the guilty wretches !
lively bright horror, and amazing anguish,
stare through their eyelids : whilst the living worm lies
gnawing within them ! 20
Thoughts, like old vultures, prey upon their heart-strings ;
and the smart twinges ; when their eyes behold the
lofty Judge frowning, and a flood of vengeance
rolling afore him.

hopeless Immortals! how they scream, and shiver ; 25
 while devils push them to the pit, wide yawning,
 hideous, and gloomy, to receive them headlong,
 down to the centre.

Stop here my fancy ! all away, ye horrid,
 dolefull ideas ! Come, arise to Jesus : 30
 how he sits God-like ! and the Saints around him,
 thron'd, yet adoring !

O ! may I sit there, when he comes triumphant,
 dooming the nations ; then ascend to glory :
 while our *bosannahs*, all along the passage, 35
 shout The Redeemer.

Watts. ap. Horae Lyricae. book 1. p. 82.

An English Padlock. Prior.

Miss Danaë, when fair and young,
 (as Horace has divinely sung)
 cou'd not be kept from Jove's embrace,
 by doors of steel, and walls of brass.
 the reason of the thing is clear, 5
 (wou'd Jove the naked truth aver)
 Cupid was with him of the party ;
 and shew'd himself sincere, and hearty.
 for, give that whipster but his errand,
 he takes my Lord-Chief-Justice'warrant ; 10
 dauntless as death, away he walks ;
 breaks the doors open ; snaps the locks ;
 searches the parlour, chamber, study ;
 nor stops, till he has Culprit's body.

Since this has been authentic truth, 15
 by age deliver'd down to youth ;
 tell us, Mistaken Husband, tell us,
 why so mysterious, why so jealous ?
 does the restraint, the bolt, the bar,
 make us less curious, her less fair ? 20
 the spy, who does this treasure keep,
 does she ne'er say her prayers, nor sleep ?
 does she to no excess incline ?
 does she fly music, mirth, and wine ?

or have not gold, and flattery, power,
to purchase one unguarded hour?

25

Your care does further yet extend;
that spy is guarded by your friend.
---but has that friend nor eye, nor heart?

may he not feel the cruel dart,
which, soon or late, all mortals feel?
may he not, with too tender zeal,
give the fair prisoner cause to see,
how much he wishes she were free?

30

may he not craftily infer
the rules of friendship too severe?
which chain him to a hated trust;
which make him wretched, to be just:
and may not she, this darling she,

35

youthfull and healthy, flesh and blood,
easie with him, ill us'd by thee,
allow this Logic to be good?

40

---Sir, will your questions never end?

I trust to neither spy, nor friend.

in short, I keep her from the sight
of ev'ry human face-- She'll write:

45

has she a bodkin, and a card?
she'll prick her mind--- She will, you say,
but how shall she that mind convey?

I keep her in one room; I lock it;
the key, look here, is in this pocket.

50

---The key-hole, is that left?-- Most certain.

---She'll thrust her letter through, Sir Martin.

---Dear angry friend, what must be done?

Is there no way?--- There is but one.

55

send her abroad; and let her see,
that all this mingled mass, which she,
being forbidden, longs to know,
is a dull farce, an empty show,
powder, and pocket-glass, and beau;
a staple of romance, and lies;
false tears, and real perjuries:

where:

where sighs, and looks, are bought, and sold,
and love is made, but to be told :
where the fat bawd, and lavish heir, 65
the spoils of ruin'd beauty share ;
and youth seduc'd from friends, and fame,
must give up age to want, and shame.
let her behold the frantic scene,
the women wretched, false the men : 70
and when, these certain ills to shun,
she wou'd to thy embraces run ;
receive her with extended arms ;
seem more delighted with her charms ;
wait on her to the park, and play ; 80
put on good humour, make her gay ;
be to her virtues very kind ;
be to her faults a little blind ;
let all her ways be unconfin'd ;
and clap your *padlock* on her mind. 85

Prior. ap. Poëms. p. 79.

Eyes and Tears. Marvell.

How wisely Nature did decree,
with the same Eyes to weep, and see !
that, having view'd the object vain,
they might be ready to complain.

2.

And since the self-deluding sight,
in a false angle, takes each height,
these *tears*, which better measure all,
like watry lines, and plummets, fall.

3.

Two Tears, which sorrow long did weigh
within the scales of either eye, 10
and then paid out in equal poise,
are the true price of all my joys.

4.

What, in the world, most fair appears,
yea, even laughter turns to Tears ;

and

and all the *jewels*, which we prize,
melt in these pendants of the eyes.

15

5.

I have thro' every garden been,
amongst the red, the white, the green;
and yet, from all the *flow'rs* I saw,
no honey, but these tears cou'd draw.

20

6.

So the all-seeing sun, each day,
distills the world with chymic ray:
but finds the essence only *showers*:
which straight, in pity, back he pours.

7.

Yet *happy they*, whom grief doth bless,
that weep the more, and see the less:
and, to preserve their sight more true,
bathe still their eyes in their own dew.

25

8.

So *Magdalen*, in tears, more wise,
dissolv'd those captivating eyes;
whose liquid chains cou'd, flowing, meet,
to fetter her Redeemer's feet.

30

9.

Not full sails, hafting loaden home;
nor the chaste lady's pregnant womb;
nor *Cynthia*, teeming, shows so fair,
as two eyes, swoln with weeping, are.

35

10.

The sparkling *glance*, that shoots desire,
drencht in those waves, does lose its fire.
yea, oft, the Thund'rer pity takes;
and, here, the hissing lightning flakes.

40

11.

The *incense* was to heaven dear,
not as perfume, but as a tear:
and *stars* shew lovely in the night,
but as they seem the tears of light.

12.

Ope then, mine eyes, your double sluice;
and practice, so, your noblest use.

45

for others too can see, or sleep ;
but only *human* eyes can weep,

13.

Now, like two *clouds*, dissolving, drop ;
and, at each tear, in distance stop :
now, like two *fountains*, trickle down :
now, like two *floods*, o'erturn, and drown.

50

14.

Thus let your streams o'erflow your springs,
till eyes and tears be the same things :
and each the other's difference bears ;
these weeping eyes, those seeing tears.

55

Marvell. ap. Misc. Poems, p. 8.

Few happy Matches. Watts.

Say, mighty *Love*, and teach my song,
to whom thy sweetest joys belong ;
and who the *happy pairs* :
whose yielding hearts, and joining hands,
find blessing's twisted with their bands, 5
to soften all their cares.

2.

Not the wild herd of nymphs, and swains,
that, thoughtless, fly into the chains ;
as Custom leads the way :
if there be bliss without design ;
ivies, and oaks, may grow, and twine, 10
and be as blest as they.

3.

Not *fordid souls*, of earthy mould ;
who, drawn by kindred charms of gold,
to dull embraces move :
so two rich mountains of Peru
may rush to wealthy marriage too ;
and make a world of love.

15

4.

Not the *mad tribe*, that hell inspires
with wanton fames ; *those raging fires*

10
the

the purer bliss destroy :
on *Aetna's* top let *furies* wed,
and sheets of lightning dress the bed,
to improve the burning joy.

5.

Nor the dull pair, whose marble forms
none of the melting passions warms,
can mingle hearts, and hands :
logs of green wood, that quench the coals;
are marry'd, just like Stoic souls,
with osiers for their bands. 30

6.

Not minds of melancholy strain,
still silent, or that still complain,
can the dear bondage bless :
as well may heavenly consorts spring
from two old lutes, with ne'er a string,
or none, beside the bass. 35

7.

Nor can the soft enchantment hold
two jarring souls of angry mould,
the rugged, and the keen :
Samson's young foxes might, as well,
In bonds of cheerful wedlock dwell,
with fire-brands ty'd between. 40

8.

Nor let the cruel fitters bind
a gentle to a savage mind ;
for Love abhors the sight :
loose the fierce tyger from the deer ;
for native rage, and native fear,
rise, and forbid delight. 45

9.

Two kindest souls alone must meet ;
'tis friendship makes the bondage sweet,
and feeds their mutual loves :
bright *Venus*, on her rolling throne,
is drawn by gentlest birds alone ;
and *Cupids* yoke the *Doves*. 50

To their Excellencies &c.

The humble Petition of Frances Harris,

who must starve, and die a Maid, if it miscarries;

Humbly sheweth,

That I went to warm my self in *Lady Betty's* chamber, because I was cold;

and I had, in a purse, seven pounds, four shillings, besides farthings, in money, and gold.

so, because I had been buying things for my Lady, last night; I was resolv'd to tell my mony, to see if it was right:

now, you must know, because my trunk has a very bad lock, therefore all the money I have, which, God knows, is a very

small stock,

I keep in a pocket, ty'd about my middle, next my smock: so, when I put up my purse, as God would have it, my smock

was unript;

and, instead of putting it into my pocket, down it slipt. then the bell rung, and I went down stairs to put my lady

to bed; 10

when, God knows, I thought my mony as ~~was~~ my maiden-head.

so, when I came up again, I found my pocket very light; but, when I searcht, and misst my purse, Lord! I thought

I should have funk outright.

Lord! Madam, says *Mary*, how d'ye do? Indeed, says I, never worse: 15

but pray, *Mary*, can you tell what I ha' done with my purse?

Lord help me, said *Mary*, I never stirr'd out of this place! Nay, said I, I had it in *Lady Betty's* chamber, that's a plain case.

so, *Mary* got me to bed, and cover'd me up warm: however, she stole away my garments, that I might do my self no harm. 20

so, I tumbled, and tost, all night, as you may very well think;

but hardly ever set my eyes together, or slept a wink.

fo

so I was dream'd, methought, that we went, and searcht
the folks round ;
and, in a corner of Mrs Duke's box, ty'd in a rag, the mony
was found.

So, next mornin' old Whittle, and he fell a swearing. 25
then Mrs Wade and she, you know, is thick o'hearing:
Dame, said I, as loud as I could bawl, do you know what a
loss I have had ?

Nay, said she, my Lord *Galloway's folks are all very sad.
for my Lord + Dromedary comes o' Tuesday without fail.
Fugh ! said I, but that's not the busines I ail. 30
says Cary, says he, I have been a servant this five-and-twenty

years, come spring ;
and, in all the places I liv'd, I never heard of such a thing.
Yes, says the Steward, when I was at my Lady Shrewsbury's,
such a thing as this happen'd, about the time of goosberries.
So I went to the party suspected, and found her full of grief:
now you know, of all things in the world, I hate a Thief 35
however, I was resolv'd to bring the discourse slyly about;
Mrs Dukes, said I, here's an ugly accident has happen'd out :
'tis not that I value the mony three skips of a louse ;
but the thing I stand upon, is the credit of the house. 40
'tis true, seven pound, four shillings, and six-pence, makes a

great hole in my wages ;
besides, as they say, Service is no inheritance in these ages.
now, *Mrs Dukes*, you know, and every body understands,
that, tho' 'tis hard to judge--- Money can't go without hands.
the Devil take me, said she, blessing herself, if ever I saw't ! 45
so, she roar'd like a Bedlam, as tho' I had call'd her all to
naught.

so, you know, what could I say to her any more ;
I e'en left her, and came away as wise as I was before.
Well, but then they would have had me gone to the Cun-
ning-man ?

No, said I, 'tis the same thing, the Chaplain will be here
anan. 50

so the *Chaplain* came in: now the servants say he is my Sweetheart, because he's always in my chamber, and I always take his part. so, as the Devil would have it, before I was aware, out I blunder'd :

Parson, said I, can you cast a nativity, when a body's plunder'd ?

now, you must know, he hates to be call'd *Parson*, like the Devil : 55

truly, said he, *Mrs Nab*, it might become you to be more civil :

if your mony be gone, as a learned Divine says, d'ye see, you are no Text for my handling, take that from me.

I was never taken for a Conjurer before, I'd have you to know.

Lord ! said I, don't be angry, I'm sure I never thought you so : 60

you know I honour the cloth, I design to be a *Parson*'s wife : I never took one in your coat for a conjurer in all my life.

with that, he twifited his girdle like a rope, as who shou'd say Now you may go hang your self for me, and so went away.

well, I thought I should have swoon'd : Lord ! said I, what shall I do ? 65

I have lost my mony, and shall lose my True-love too.

then my *Lord* call'd me : *Harris*, said my *Lord*, don't cry ; I'll give something towards thy loss ; and says my *Lady*, so will I.

oh but, said I, what if, after all, my *Chaplain* won't come to : for that, he said, (an't please your Excellencies) I must petition

You. 70

the premises tenderly consider'd, I desire your Excellencies protection ;

and that I may have share in next *Sunday*'s Collection : and, over and above, that I may have your Excellencies letter,

with an order for the *Chaplain* aforesaid ; or, instead of him, a better :

and then, your poor Petitioner, both night and day, 75 or the *Chaplain*, for 'tis his trade, as in duty bound, shall pray.

Swift. ap. Baucis & Philemon. p. 8----12.

A Letter from Italy to the Right Honourable Charles, Lord Hallifax.

*Salve, magna parens frugum, Saturnia tellus,
Magna virum! Tibi res antiquae latidis, & artis
Aggedior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes.*

Virg. Georg. II. 173.

While you, my Lord, the rural shades admire,
and from Britannia's publick posts retire;
no longer, her ungrateful sons to please,
for their advantage sacrifice your ease:
me into foreign realms my fate conveys,
thro' nations fruitful of immortal lays.
where the soft season, and inviting clime,
conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme;
for, wheresoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
gay gilded scenes, and shining prospects rise:
poetic fields encompas me around;
and still I seem to tread on classic ground.
for, here, the Muse, so oft, her harp hath strung,
that not a mountain rears its head unsung:
renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows;
and ev'ry stream in heavenly numbers flows.

How am I pleas'd to search the hills and woods,
for rising springs, and celebrated *Floods*!
to view the *Nar*, tumultuous in his course;
and trace the smooth *Clitumnus* to his source!
to see the *Mincio* draw his watry store
thro' the long windings of a fruitful shore!
and hoary *Albula*'s infected tide,
o'er the warm bed of smoaking Sulphur, glide!

Fix'd with a thousand raptures, I survey
Eridanus thro' flow'ry meadows stray,
the king of floods! that, rolling o'er the plains,
the tow'ring *Alps* of half their moisture drains;
and, proud'y swoln with a whole winter's snows,
distributes wealth, and plenty, where he flows.

Some-

Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for streams, immortaliz'd in song,
that, lost in silence, and oblivion; lye,
dumb are their fountains, and their channels dry;
yet run for ever by the *Muses'* skill; 35
and, in the smooth description, murmur still,

Sometimes to gentle *Tiber* I retire,
and the fam'd rivers empty shores admire;
that, destitute of strength, derives its course
from thrifty urns, and an unfruitful source: 40
yet, sung so often in poetic lays,
with scorn, the *Danube*, and the *Nile*, surveys.
so high the deathless *Muse* exalts her theme!
Such was the *Boyn*: a poor inglorious stream, 45
that in *Hibernian* vales obscurely stray'd;
and, unobserv'd, in wild meanders play'd:
till, by *Tours* lines, and *Nassau*'s sword, renown'd,
its rising billows thro' the world resound,
where'er the Hero's godlike Acts can pierce, 50
or where the fame of an Immortal Verse.

Oh, cou'd the *Muse* my ravish'd breast inspire
with warmth like *Tours*, and raise an equal fire;
unnumbred beauties in my verse shou'd shine,
and *Virgil's Italy* should yield to *Mine*.

See how the golden *Groves* around me smile;
that shun the coasts of *Britain's* stormy isle: 55
or, when transplanted, and preserv'd with care,
curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air:
here, kindly warmth their mounting juice ferments
to nobler tafts, and more exalted scents.
ev'n the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom, 60
and trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.
Bear me, some God, to *Baja*'s gentle seats;
or cover me in *Umbria*'s green retreats:
where western gales eternally reside; 65
and all the seasons lavish all their pride:
blooms, and fruits, and flowers, together rise;
and the whole year in gay confusion lies.

Immortal glories in my mind revive;
and, in my soul, a thousand passions strive; 70
when *Rome's* exalted beauties I descrie
magnificent, in piles of ruin, lye :
an Amphitheatre's amazing height,
here, fills my eye with terror, and delight ;
that, on its publick shows, unpeopled *Rome* ; 75
and held uncrowded nations in its womb.
here Pillars, rough with sculpture, pierce the skies :
and here the proud Triumphal Arches rise ;
where the old *Romans* deathless acts display'd,
their base degenerate progeny upbraid. 80
whole Rivers here forsake their fields, below ;
and, wondring at their height, thro' airy channels flow.

Still to new Scenes my wandring Muse retires,
and the dumb show of breathing rocks admires ;
where the smooth Chiffel all its force has shown, 85
and soft'n'd into flesh, the rugged stone.
in solemn silence, a majestic band,
Heroes, and Gods, and *Roman* Consuls stand :
stern Tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
and Emperors in *Parian* marble frown : 90
while the bright Dames, to whom they humbly sued,
still shew the charms, that their proud hearts subdued.

Fain would I *Raphael's* godlike art rehearse ;
and shew th' immortal labors in my verse :
where, from the mingled strength of shade, and light, 95
a new Creation rises to my sight :
such heavenly figures from his Pencil flow ;
so warm with life his blended Colours glow.
From theme to theme with secret pleasure tost,
amidst the soft variety I'm lost. 100
here pleasing Airs my ravish'd soul confound
with circling notes, and labyrinths of sound :
here Domes, and Temples rise, in distant views ;
and op'ning Palaces invite my Muse. .

How has kind heaven adorn'd the happy land, 105
and scatter'd blessings, with a wastefull hand !

but what avail her unexhausted stores,
in blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,
with all the gifts that heav'n and earth impart,
the smiles of Nature, and her charms of Art; 120
while proud Oppression in the valley reigns;
and Tyranny usurps her happy plains?
the poor inhabitant beholds, in vain,
the redd'ning orange, and the swelling grain;
joyless he sees the growing oyl, and wines; 125
and, in the myrtle's fragrant shade, repines.

Oh *Liberty!* thou Goddess, heavenly bright,
profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight,
eternal Pleasures in thy presence reign; 130
and smiling Plenty leads thy wanton train.
eas'd of her load, Subjection grows more light;
and Poverty looks cheerfull in thy sight,
thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay;
giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.

Thee, *Goddess*, thee *Britannia's* isle adores; 135
how oft has she exhausted all her stores?
how oft, in fields of death, thy presence sought?
nor thinks the mighty Prize too dearly bought.
on foreign mountains may the sun refine
the grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine; 140
with citron groves adorn a distant soil;
and the fat olive swell with floods of oyl:
we envy not the warmer clime, that lies
in ten degrees of more indulgent skies;
nor at the coarseness of our heaven repine; 145
tho' o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine:
tis *Liberty* that crowns *Britannia's* isle;
and makes her barren rocks, and her bleak mountains, smile.

Others, with tow'ring piles, may please the sight;
and, in their proud aspiring domes, delight: 150
a nicer touch to the stretch'd canvas give,
or teach their animated rocks to live:
tis *Britain's* care to watch o'er *Europe's* fate,
and hold in balance each contending state;

to threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,
and answer her afflicted neighbour's pray'r.
The Dane, and Swede, rouz'd up by fierce alarms,
bles' the wife conduct of her pious arms.
soon as her fleets appear, their terrors cease ;
and all the Northern world lies hush'd in peace.

Th' ambitious *Gaul* beholds, with secret dread,
her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head ;
and fain her God-like sons would disunite,
by foreign gold, or by domestic spite :
but strives in vain to Conquer, or Divide,
whom *Nassau's* arms Defend, and counsels Guide.

Fir'd with the Name, which I so oft have found
the distant climes, and different tongues resound,
I bridle in my struggling Muse with pain,
that longs to launch into a bolder strain.

But I've already troubled you too long ;
nor dare attempt a more advent'rous song :
my humble verse demands a softer theme,
a painted meadow, or a purling stream ;
unfit for heroes; whom immortal lays,
and lines, like *Virgil's*, or like *Tours'*, should praise.

Addison. 1701. p. 3--8.

The *Scepticks* think, 'twas long ago,
since *Gods* came down *incognito* ;
to see who were their friends, or foes ;
and how our actions fell, or rose.
that, since they gave things their beginning,
and set this whirligig a spinning ;
abide, they, in their heav'n, remain,
exempt from passion, and from pain ;
and frankly leave us, human elves,
to cut, and shuffle for ourselves ;
to stand, or walk, to rise, or tumble ;
as matter, and as motion, jumble.

The Poets now, and Painters, hold
this thesis both absurd, and bold :
and your good-natur'd Gods, they say,
descend, some twice, or thrice a day.
else all these things, we toil so hard in,
wou'd not avail one single farthing:
for, when the Hero we rehearse,
to grace his actions, and our verse ;
'tis not by dint of human thought,
that to his *Latium* he is brought :
Iris descends, by Fate's commands,
to guide his steps through foreign lands ;
and *Amphitrite* clears his way,
from rocks, and quick-sands, in the sea ;
and, if you see him in a sketch,
tho' drawn by *Pausillo*, or *Carache*,
he shows not half his force, and strength,
strutting in armour, and at length :
that he may make his proper figure,
the piece must yet be four yards bigger.
the *Nymphs* conduct him to the field ;
one holds his sword, and one his shield :
Mars, standing by, asserts his quarrel ;
and *Fame* flies after, with a laurel.

These points, I say, of speculation,
as 'twere to save, or sink the nation,
men Idly-learned will dispute,
assert, object, confirm, refute :
each, mighty angry, mighty right,
with equal arms, sustain the fight ;
till now, no umpire can agree 'em ;
'so both draw off, and sing *Te Deum*.'

Is it in *Equilibrio*,
if Deities descend, or no ?
then let th' affirmative prevail ;
a requisite to form my tale :
for, by all parties, 'tis confess,
that those opinions are the best,

50
which

which, in their nature, most conduce
to present ends, and private use.

Two Gods came, therefore, from above ;
one *Mercury*, the other *Jove* :
the humour was, it seems, to know,
if all the favours they bestow,
cou'd from our own perverseness ease us ;
and if our *Wish* enjoy'd would *Please us*.
discourſing largely on this theme,
o'er hills and dales their Godships came ;
till well-nigh tir'd, at almost night,
they thought it proper to alight.

Note here, that it as true, as odd it is,
that in disguise, a God, or Goddess,
exerts no supernatural powers ;
but acts on maxims, much like ours.

They spy'd, at laſt, a Country Farm ;
where all was snug, and clean, and warm :
for woods before, and hills behind,
ſecur'd it both from rain, and wind ;
large oxen, in the fields, were lowing ;
good grain was ſow'd ; good fruit was growing ;
of laſt year's corn, in barns, great store ;
fat turkeys gobbling at the door :
and wealth, in ſhort, with peace consented ;
that people, here, ſhould live contented.
but, did they, in effect, do ſo ?
have patience, friend, and thou ſhalt know.

The honeit Farmer, and his Wife,
to years declin'd, from prime of life,
had ſtruggled with the Marriage Nooſe :
(as almost ev'ry couple does) .
fometimes, *my plague* ; ſometimes, *my darling* :
kiffing to day ; to morrow ſnarling :
joynlytly ſubmitting to endure
that evil, which admits no cure.

Our Gods the outward gate unbarr'd ;
our Farmer met 'em in the yard,

thought they were folks, that lost their way;
and ask'd them civilly to stay :
told 'em, for supper, and for bed,
they might go on, and be worse sped.

So said, so done ; the Gods consent ;
all three into the parlour went :
they complement ; they sit ; they chat ;
fight o'er the wars ; reform the state :
a thousand knotty points they clear ;
'till Supper, and my Wife appear.

Jove made his leg, and kiss'd the Dame ;
obsequious *Hermes* did the same :
Jove kiss'd the Farmer's Wife, you say ;
he did--- but in an honest way :
oh ! not with half that warmth, and life,
with which he kiss'd *Amphitryon*'s wife---

Well then, things handsomly were serv'd ;
my Mistres for the Strangers carv'd.
how strong the beer, how good the meat,
how loud they laugh, how much they eat ;
in *Epic* sumptuous would appear ;
yet shall be pass'd in silence here :
for I should grieve to have it said,
that, by a fine description led,
I made my episode too long ;
or tir'd my friend, to grace my song.

The grace-cup serv'd, the cloth away,
Jove thought it time to shew his play :
Landlord, and *Landlady*, he cry'd,
folly and jesting laid aside,
that ye thus Hospitably live,
and strangers with good cheer receive,
is mighty grateful to your betters ;
and makes ev'n Gods themselves your Debtors,
to give this thesis plainer proof,
you have to night beneath your roof
a Pair of Gods--- nay, never wonder ;
this youth can fly, and I can thunder :

I'm *Jupiter*, and he, *Mercurius*,
my Page; my Son indeed, but spurious.
form then three Wishes, *Ton*, and *Madam* ;
and, sure as you already had 'em,
the things desir'd, in half an hour,
shall all be here, and in your pow'r.

130

Thank ye, great Gods, the *woman* says;
oh! may your altars ever blaze:
a Ladle for our Silver dish
is what I want, is what I wish--
a Ladle! cries the *man*, *a Ladle!*
edzoeks, Corisca, you have pray'd ill.
what should be great, you turn to farce;
I wish the Ladle in your A--

135

With equal grief, and shame, my Muse
the sequel of the tale pursues:
the Ladle fell into the room,
and stuck in old *Corisca's* bum.
our couple Weep two Wishes past,
and kindly joyn to form the last;
to ease the woman's awkward pain,
and get the *Ladle* out again.

145

Moral.

This *Commoner* has worth, and parts;
is prais'd for arms, or lov'd for arts:
his head aches for a *coronet* ;
and who is blést, that is not great?

150

Some sense, and more estate, kind heav'n
to that well lotted *Peer* has giv'n:
what then? he must have rule, and sway;
and all is wrong, till he's *in play*.

155

The *Miser* must take up his *plumb*,
and dares not touch the hoarded sum.
The sickly *Dotard* wants a *wife*,
to draw off his last dregs of life.

160

Against our peace, we arm our will;
amidst our plenty, *something, still*,
for horses, houses, pictures, planting,
to thee, to me, to him, is wanting.

That

That cruel *something*, unpeff'd'd,
corrodes, and leavens all the rest:
that *something*, if we cou'd obtain,
wou'd soon create a future pain:
and, to the coffin from the cradle,
'tis all I wish, and all a Ladie.

165

170

Prior. ap. Poems. p. 94.

Hymn to the Light.

Cowley.

First-born of Chaos, who so fair didst come
from the old *Negro's* darksom womb!
which, when it saw the lovely child,
the melancholy mass put on kind looks, and smil'd.

2.

Thou tide of glory, which no rest deft know!
but ever ebb, and ever flow:
thou golden flow'r of a true *Jove!*
who does in thee descend, and heav'n to earth make love.

3.

Hail, active nature's watchfull life, and heath!
her joy, her ornament, and wealth!
hail to thy husband *Heat*, and *Thee!*
thou the world's beauteous bride, the luffy bridegroom *he!*

4.

Say, from what golden quiver of the sky,
do all thy winged arrows fly?
Swiftnes, and Power, by birth are thine:
from thy great Sire they came, thy Sire the Word Divine.

5.

'Tis, I believe, thy archery to show,
that so much cost in colours, thou,
and skill in painting, dost bestow
upon thy ancient arms, the gawdy heavenly *Bow.*

6.

Swift, as light thoughts their empty cariere run,
thy race is finisht, when begun:
let a *Post-angel* start with thee,
and thou the goal of earth shalt reach, as soon as he.

7.

7.
Thou, in the *Moon's* bright chariot, proud, and gay,
dost thy bright wood of stars survey ;
and, all the year, dost, with thee, bring
of thousand flowry lights thine own nocturnal spring.

8.
Thou Scythian-like, dost, round thy lands above,
the *Sun's* gilt tent for ever move ;
and still, as thou in pomp dost go,
the shining pageants of the world attend thy show.

9.
Nor, amidst all these triumphs, dost thou scorn
the humble *Glow-worms* to adorn ;
and, with those living spangles, gild
(O greatness without pride !) the bushes of the field.

10.
Night, and her ugly subjects, thou dost fright ;
and *sleep*, the lazy owl of night :
asham'd, and fearfull to appear,
they screen their horrid shapes with the black hemisphere.

11.
With them here hastes, and wildly takes th' alarm,
of painted *dreams* a busy swarm :
at the first opening of thine eye,
the various clusters break, the antick atoms fly.

12.
The guilty Serpents, and *obscener beasts*,
creep, conscious, to their secret rests :
nature to thee does reverence pay ;
ill omens, and ill fights, remove out of thy way.

13.
At thy appearance, *Grief* it self is said
to shake his wings, and rouze his head :
and cloudy Care has often took
a gentle beamy smile, reflected from thy look.

14.
At thy appearance, *Fear* it self grows bold ;
thy sun-shine melts away his cold :
encourag'd

encourag'd at the sight of thee,
to the cheek colour comes, and fumness to the knee.

55

15.
Ev'n *Lust*, the master of a hardned face,
blushes, if thou be'st in the place;
to darkness' curtains he retires ;
in sympathizing night, he rolls his smoaky fires.

16.

When, Goddes, thou lift'st up thy waken'd head,
out of the morning's purple bed ;
thy quire of birds about thee play,
and all thy joyfull world salutes the rising *Day*.

17.

The *Ghosts*, and Monster-spirits, that did presume
a body's privilege to assume,
vanish again invisibly ;
and bodies gain again their visibility.

63

18.
All the *World's Brav'ry*, that delights our eyes,
is but thy several liveries ;
thou the rich dye on them bestow'st ;
thy nimble pencil paints this landscape, as thou go'st.

19.

A crimson garment, in the *rose*, thou wear'st ;
a crown of studded gold thou bear'st ;
the virgin *Lillies*, in their white,
are clad but with the lawn of almost naked Light.

75

20.
The *violet*, spring's little infant, stands
girt in thy purple swadling-bands ;
on the fair *tulip* thou dost doat ;
thou cloath'st it in a gay, and party-colour'd, coat.

85

21.
With flame condens'd, thou dost thy *jewels* fix,
and solid colours in it mix :
Flora her self envies to see
flowers fairer than her own, and durable as me.

22.

Ah, Goddess! wou'd thou cou'dst thy hand withhold, 85
 and be less liberal to gold:
 didst thou less value to it give,
 of how much care, alas! might'st thou poor man relieve?

23.

To me the Sun is more delightfull far; 90
 and all fair days much fairer are:
 but few, ah! wondrous few, there be,
 who do not gold prefer, O Goddess, ev'n to thee.

24.

Thro' the soft ways of heav'n, and air, and sea,
 which open all their pores to thee,
 like a clear River thou dost glide; 95
 and, with thy living stream, thro' the close channels slide.

25.

But, where firm bodies thy free course oppose,
 gently thy source the land o'erflows;
 takes there possession; and does make,
 of colour's mingled light, a thick and standing Lake. 100

26.

But the vast Ocean of unbounded day,
 in the empyrean heaven does stay:
 thy rivers, lakes, and springs below,
 from thence took first their rise; thither at last must flow.

Cowley, ap. Verses written on several Occasions. p. 35.

Philip. Rural Follies.

The Farmer's toil is done; his cades, mature,
 now call for vent; his lands, exhaust, permit
 to indulge a while. now solemn rites he pays
 to Bacchus, author of heart-cheering mirth;
 his honest friends, at thrifty hour of dusk, 5
 come uninvited: he, with bounteous hand,
 imparts his smoaking vintage, sweet reward
 of his own industry: the well-fraught bowl
 circles incessant; whilst the humble cell,
 with quivering laugh, and rural jests, resounds.

10

cafe,

ease, and content, and undissembled love,
shine in eace face : the thoughts of labour past,
encrease their joy. As, from retentive cage,
when, sudden, *Philomele* escapes ; her notes
the varies ; and, oft, past imprisonment
sweetly complains. her liberty, retriev'd,
cheers her sad soul, improves her pleasing song.
glad'som, they quaff; yet not exceed the bounds
of healthy temperance ; nor encroach on night,
season of rest : but, well bedew'd, repair
each to his home, with unsupplanted feet.

Ere heaven's emblazon'd by the rosie dawn,
domestic cares awake them ; brisk they rise,
refreſt, and lively, with the joys, that flow
from amicable talk, and moderate cups,
sweetly interchang'd. The pining Lover finds
present redress ; and long oblivion drinks
of coy *Lucinda*. give the Debtor wine ;
his joys are ſhort, and few ; yet, when he drinks,
his dread retires : the flowing glasses add
courage, and mirth ; magnificent in thought,
imaginary riches he enjoys ;
and in the goal exspatiates, unconfin'd.
nor can the Poët *Bacchus'* praise indite,
debar'd his grape : the *Muses* ſtill require
humid regalement ; nor will aught avail
imploring *Phœbus* with unmouiften'd lips.
thus to the Generous Bottle all incline,
by parching thirſt allur'd, with vehement funs
when dusty ſummer bakes the crumbling elods,
how pleasant iſt, beneath the twifted arch
of a retreating bow'r, in mid-day's reign,
to ply the Sweet Carouſe, remote from noise,
ſecur'd of fev'rish heats ! When th' aged year
inclines, and *Boreas'* ſpirit blusters frore ;
beware th' inclement heav'ns : now let thy hearth
crackle with juicelefſ bougħs ; thy lingring blood
now instigate with th' Apple's powerfull Streams.
Perpetual flowers, and stormy gusts confine

15

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the

Philipps. *Rural Follies.*

37

the willing ploughman; and *December* warns
to *Annual Follies*. now sportive youth
carol incondite rhythms, with suiting notes;
and quaver unharmonious: sturdy swains;
in clean array, for rustic dance prepare,
mixt with the buxom damsels: hand in hand
they frisk, and bound, and various mazes weave,
shaking their brawny limbs, with uncouth mien,
transported; and, sometimes, an oblique leer
dart on their lover; sometimes an hasty kiss
steal from unwary lasses: they, with scorn,
and neck reclin'd, resent the ravish'd bliss.

55

mean while, *blind British bards*, with volant touch,
traverse loquacious strings; whose solemn notes
provoke to harmless revels: these among
a subtle Artist stands, in wondrous bag
that bears imprison'd winds; (of gentler sort
than those, which, erst, *Laertes'* son enclos'd)
peacefull they sleep; but, let the tuneful squeeze
of labouring elbow rouze them, out they fly
melodious; and, with sprightly accents, charm.

65

'midst these disports, forget they not to drench
themselves with bellying goblets: nor when *spring*
returns, can they refuse to usher in
the fresh-born year, with loud acclaim, and store
of jovial draughts: nor, when the sappy boughs
attire themselves with blooms, sweet rudiments
of future harvest. When the *Gnossian* crown

70

leads on expected *autumn*, and the trees
discharge their mellow burthens; let them thank
boon nature, that thus, annually, supplies
their vaults; and, with her former liquid gifts,
exhilarates their languid minds, within
the golden mean confin'd: beyond, there's nought
of health, or pleasure. therefore, when thy heart

75

dilates with fervent joys, and eager soul
prompts to pursue the sparkling glass; be sure
'tis time to shun it. if thou wilt prolong
dire componation, forthwith Reason quits

80

85

her empire to Confusion, and Mis-rule,
and Vain Debates : then, twenty tongues at once
conspire in senseless jargon ; nought is heard,
but din, and various clamour, and mad rant :
distrust, and jealousie, to these succeed,
and anger-kindling taunt, the certain bane
of well-knit fellowship : now horrid frays
commence ; the brimming glasses now are hurl'd
with dire intent ; bottles with bottles clash
in rude encounter ; round their temples fly
the sharp-edg'd fragments ; down their batter'd cheeks
mixt gore, and cyder, flow : what shall we say
of rash *Elpenor* ? who, in evil hour,
dry'd an immeasurable bowl, and thought
to exhale his surfeit by irriguous sleep ;
impudent : him death's iron-sleep opprest,
descending careless from his couch ; the fall
luxt his neck-joyn, and spinal marrow bruis'd,
nor need we tell what anxious Cares attend
the turbulent mirth of Wine ; nor all the kinds
of Maladies that lead to death's grim cave,
wrought by intemperance ; joyn-t-racking gout ;
intestine stone ; and pining atrophy,
chill, even when the sun, with July-heat,
frys the scorcht soil ; and dropsy, all a-float,
yet craving liquid : nor the *Centaur's* tale
be here repeated ; how with lust, and wine,
enflam'd, they fought, and spilt their drunken souls,
at feasting hour. Ye Heavenly Powers, that guard
the British isles, such dire events remove
far from fair Albion ; nor let Civil Broils
ferment from social cups : may We, remote
from the hoarse brazen sound of war, enjoy
our humid products ; and, with seemly draughts,
enkindle mirth, and hospitable love.
too oft, alas ! has mutual hatred drencht
our swords in native blood : too oft has pride
and hellish discord, and infatiate thirst
of others rights, our quiet discompos'd.

Solomon's Irony.

What all aspiring mortals have in view,
and, by a thousand diff'rent roads, pursue
with ardent zeal, *True Happiness* discern ;
and what it is To Live, *Philander*, learn.

Let *chiefs*, by daring toil, enjoy their aim,
their laurel gewgaws, and their bubble fame ;
litigious *cōſts* infest the clamorous bar,
prolong disputes, and thrive by manag'd war.
Let hardy *merchants*, bent on uſeless gain,
patient of terrors, plough the liquid main.

Let idle *ſtudents* on their volumes pore,
to cloud, with learning, what was clear before :
the *ſtatſman* fill with plots his aking head ;
and *mifers*, 'midſt abundance, want their bread.

While these their hours in various errors waste,
lavish of Time, that spends it ſelf too fast,
do *Thou*, inspir'd with wiser thoughts, excite
thy native fires ; and every ſene invite
to ſlate its thirſt with exquisite delight.
ſince Future is not ; and, what Was, is gone ;
and we the Present only call our own ;
be thy whole life in various mirth employ'd :
and let no minute perish unenjoy'd.

now thy *young* cheeks fresh roſy beauty dyes ;
and darting ſpirits ſparkle in thy eyes ,
while, from th' impulsive heart, the ſprightly flood,
exploded, leaps, and bounds along the road :
piercing thy ſight ; and exquisite thy taſt ;
thy joyns all pliant ; and thy ſinews brac'd :
while these fair hours extend their amorous arms,
dance laughing by, and proffer all their charms ;
eager advance ; and catch the willing joy :
with feasts, renew'd ; thy eager ſenes cloy.

With ravish'd eyes view pleasures ſmiling tide ;
ſee her rich banks display their lovely pride.
ſee the pure volumes of her flowing train,
with flow'ry verdure crown the beauteous plain.

emidst the flood thy self, with transport, throw ;
dissolve in pleasure ; and in rapture flow.

Be thy soft limbs with softer silks careft ;
shine in the splendid labors of the East,
by Persia now, and now by India drest.

Let goblets, flowing with the sparkling juice,
which Gallia's plains, and Tuscan hills produce,
distend thy veins ; and, with the generous tide, 45
perpetual joy, in circ'ling triumph, ride.

to crown thy table with delicious food,
rifle the mountains, ransack every wood,
and cull each finny pleasure of the flood.
let thy unrival'd, endless, banquets, grac'd 50
with artful dishes, in long order plac'd,
surprize, with new delights, the most luxurious tast.

Ravish'd survey thy garden's charming scenes,
with statues proud, and everlasting greens.
the fair, yet unforbidden, fruits behold ;
pleasant their relish, and their colour gold.
traverse the beauteous walks ; and, free from care,
regale thy vital flame with fragrant air.
now, stretcht on roses, in thy myrtle bow'rs,
thy head adorn'd with wreaths of rival flow'rs,
in constant transports pass the happy hours.

To heights, superior yet, enjoyment raise ;
taste all the various kinds of heav'nly lays,
which tuneful heads, with studious care, compound
of blended airs, and soft voluptuous sound. 65
for thy delight, hear Master-Voices sing ;
now breathing tubes, and now the speaking string :
while in the ear attentive spirits watch ;
seize the sweet accents, and the rapture catch.

Now with the men of wit, and mirth, converse ;
and hear the bards their amorous songs rehearse
let beauty now thy eager passion move ;
embrace its charms, and feast thy soul with love.
in pleasures tir'd, with costly scarlet spread,
on downy pillows rest thy weary head.

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How

Solomon's Irony.

41

How swift the fleeting minutes wing their way?
thou'l die to morrow; therefore live to day.
when man dissolves, and, mingling, floats in air;
his ruin'd form what artist can repair?
his scatter'd atoms, and his loose remains,
no pleasures taste, and feel no tort'ring pains.
he, now in vapours climbs, now falls in snows;
he's fixt in marble, or in streams he flows;
and thro' the various scenes of changing matter goes.

But know, Vain Youth, an Ever-during State
to this succeeds; and brings a different fate.
death but removes the flame of life, to burn
more clear, and bright, and in a lasting urn.
when breathless grown, thou wilt not cease to be;
to other seats transferr'd, thou'l live, and see
how wrath divine the Impious race destroys;
and Guiltless minds imbibe celestial joys.

ap. the Lay-Monk. n. 19 --- ap. the Lay-Monk. n. 16. p 98.

Vain-Glory.

By what strong impulse anxious mortals strive,
that their own fun'als they may, long, survive?
charm'd with its splendor, all at glory aim;
and, ardent, climb the tempting heights of fame.

Behold, for this imaginary good,
intrepid *warriors* wade thro' seas of blood!
sages for this, with painful labours spent,
subvert old systems, and new schemes invent:
now dive, to view the wonders of the main;
then range the meteors, curious to explain
the birth of infant storms, and secret springs of rain.
while others, studious, 'midst the starry skies,
explore new worlds with late invented eyes;
describe the empire which the sun controuls;
and how each planet round its centre rous.
the *poets* own their restless aims aspire
to lasting fame: for this they string the lyre;
exert their genius; and exhaust their fire.

E. 3

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And

And yet their atoms, scatter'd by the wind
thro' the wide void, or to the tomb confin'd,
of all we say unconscious still remain ;
they taste no pleasure, as they feel no pain.
does *Mars* smile, when we extol his lays?
or *Tully* listen, in his urn, to praise ?
do shouts of triumph sooth great *Cæsar's* ear ?
or fame, young *Ammon*, thy cold ashes cheer ?

While foolish men, with vain ambition try
to live in sound, and names, that never die;
exalted minds should toil superior bear,
more hazards run, and warmer zeal declare ;
whose generous thoughts, inspir'd by virtue, aim
at blissfull life, and true immortal fame.

ap. the Lay-Monastery. n. 11. p. 69.

Paulet. To Brome, on his Poëms:

What can be thought, or said, to set thee forth ?
or what embellishment can gild thy worth ?
tis easie to begin, and hard to end ;
when, but to speak thy name is to commend.

But leave I thee, the fountain ; for the stream,
thy book, is now my more peculiar theme,
the scene of *Wine, and Women*. thy smart pen
defines our Loves, and Liquors, o'er agen ;
and teaches us new lessons. Shall I whine
to a *Coy Mistress*, swear, and lye, and pine,
and die, and live again, and change more shapes,
than *Proteus* did, or four and forty apes,
to win my loss of liberty ? when I,
enthron'd by fancy in true sovereignty,
can, out of nothing, whensoe'er I please,
create a million of such mistresses ;
and write a sonnet to my Airy She ;
or steal a better sonnet, *Brome*, from thee.
no, no : for know, *My love's best bill of diet*
is, first, *free thoughts* ; the next is, to be quiet,

Hence

Hence too I'll quit the Taverns: for I find
 No wine is like the nectar of the mind,
conceit is a good cellar: here we may
 drink without sin, and spend without decay,
 and frolick, and be merry; or else we
 may read thy book, and tipple poetry.

25

W. Paulet, to Mr. Alexander Brome, on his Poëms. Elog. p. 2.



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